The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elder braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weete wh
We deeme of Death as doome of ill d
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bring
Dye would we daply, once it to expert
No daunger there the shepheard can a
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay g
O happy herse,
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to re
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall t
There liues shee with the blessed God
There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambr*
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men d
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shephear
While here on earth she did abyde
O happy herse,
Cease now my song, my woe now wa
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy t
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne w
Whether reioyce or weepe for great
Thyne be the collette, well hast thow
Vp *Colin* vp, ynough thou morned hat
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homel

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mo